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THE VOICE OF TOIL

I HEARD men saying, Leave hope and praying,
All days shall be as all have been;
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow,
The never-ending toil between.

When Earth was younger 'mid toil and hunger,
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us
As we lie in the hell our hands have won?
For us no rulers but fools and befoolers,
The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows
Older!
Help lies in nought but thee and me;
Hope is before us, the long years that bore us
Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the earth grows
Older!
The cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

The Passing Show.

BY IGNORUS.

If the Commonwealth and its component States were scientific in their electoral system, we should have none of this interruption of legislative business and this absurd expense to the community in bye elections. Under a proportional system of representation the liberties of minorities are carefully safeguarded, and every trend of opinion in the community is proportionately represented. This is how it works. Suppose the State of New South Wales were divided into ten constituencies, proportioned to the population, these constituencies returning, as they do now, 90 members. Any group of more than fifty persons can publish a list of three candidates. These lists, when complete, are submitted to the electors, who can vote for any one of these names, or all three in order of preference. The first name on the list is counted as a whole vote, the second as half, and the third as a third of a vote. Simple addition then shows how the candidates on each list are placed. The candidates then each receive a comparative number; that is the first in order is credited with as many votes as there were voters for that particular list, the second with half as many, and the third with a third; thus it is the comparative numbers, and not the actual tale of votes cast that counts. This system gives to every vote its fullest possible weight, makes corruption impossible, and, where there is a Socialist minority in a country, invariably places Socialist members in Parliament. One other blessing is involved; a record of the names coming next on the lists is kept, and when a vacancy occurs the candidate bearing that name becomes automatically the member. This system also does away with the pettiness of local representation, which demands that ITS special industry or interest shall have precedence over the interests of the whole community. And, one other advantage; it requires, in order to secure the best results, an enlightened and intelligently alert electorate.

Under the title "Defiance, not Defence," the *Herald* attacks the recently passed resolution against enforced conscription of the Stanford-Merthyr Miners' Lodge. The statement which they make that "the great mass of the workers of the Commonwealth are denied a living wage, and are exploited on every hand by class-conscious capitalists" the *Herald* declares is so "palpably and utterly false that it loses all its force as a basis of appeal." The *Herald* writer seems to think that the miners are only speaking for themselves; and he twits them with drawing larger wages than any other manual workers, and suggests that they might have saved enough to have houses to defend. The young man who writes thus does not realise what the solidarity of labor means; labor is solid in suffering and solid in militancy against the causes of that suffering. It begins to understand now that it is the sinfulness of capitalists, and the lack of instruction of the workers which have hitherto divided Labor against itself; and through the teaching of Industrial Unionism it is now learning to fight as one solid

"Shoot to Kill."

THIS was the order given by Home Secretary Winston Churchill last week to the British troops, called out against the British strikers.

"Shoot to kill!" These are three words easy to pronounce, but pregnant with tragedy for those to whom the order was given; to those who suffered a violent and bloody death in consequence of the order having been given and to the man who gave the order.

"Shoot to kill!" The workers will not forget these words, and they will mark down the man who pronounced them, just as they have marked down Asquith, the Assassin of Featherstone renown.

"Shoot to kill!" It was during the recent Boer war that Winston Churchill sprang into public notice. Perhaps the least said about his record in South Africa the better; but it is in war time that men grow hard and reckless of life and suffering. It is therefore scarcely a matter for surprise that the ex-soldier, now a responsible Minister of the Crown, whose special duty it is to care for "Home" affairs, should be reckless of the lives of those whom it is his duty to protect; and should give the order, when sending troops against the workers who are struggling for better conditions of life, and a living wage: "Shoot to kill!"

That soldiers, the sons and brothers of the people, should be found ready to carry out the order of this capitalist butcher Minister—there lies the tragedy for the workers! These men in soldiers' uniform, and drilled till they stand, and kneel, and mark time, and shoot with the precision of machines, are the men who at the present moment are the only people standing between capitalism and the awakening hosts of organised labor. If Tom Mann and the Socialist leaders had been able before these simultaneous strikes took place to undermine the allegiance of the troops to their capitalist masters, the day would have been with class-conscious revolutionary labor. Even now it looks as if the rank and file wearing the king's uniform had but little stomach for their murderous job; because it was an officer who fired his pistol full in the face of one of the strikers, and shot the poor fellow dead. He reckoned, no doubt, on the effect of BLOOD, hot life blood, spurting from a spurned corpse, to start the blood lust in the hearts of his men, and to urge forward the merry game of bayonet and sabre.

"Shoot to kill!" A little dose of Peterloo, or Featherstone and of Belfast does the militant, hungry workers a world of good, and makes them come to heel like whipped dogs. "I'll stand no nonsense from any of the pack whilst I am at the Home Office, so shoot to kill! and don't spare the discontented beggars, who are not satisfied with our kindness in giving them State Insurance and a Children's Charter!" That is the philosophy of ex-soldier Churchill, as he sends flying along the lines telegraphic messages for gatlings and cavalry.

But the people, the starving people, the organised workers, are learning their lesson. They are not out to kill, as are the scared capitalists. They are out to organise, to concentrate, to increase their sense of solidarity, and their industrial unionist strength. They are slowly but surely coming to the consciousness of the fact that their gatling gun is Direct Action, and their rifle and bayonet is Political Action. When they have drilled themselves to be efficient in the use of these two weapons they will, when they meet face to face their enemy of capitalism—not trouble to fire low and disable or maim, but THEY WILL SHOOT TO KILL!

compact mass. When therefore the Stanford-Merthyr miners publish their resolution it is an educational call to the workers everywhere to face their real position, and to stand solid with their comrades in the class struggle. Capitalism, through the mouth of one of its paid penny-a-liners, asks: "How the workers would fare under the military occupation of any enemy from abroad—whether they would be free then to pass resolutions or free only to work on the terms of the conqueror?" But every worker works NOW UNDER THE TERMS OF THE CONQUERER; and that conqueror is CAPITALISM. All the "natural resources" from which the *Herald* writer reminds the miners they draw their means of subsistence belong to the capitalist, and the miner's job, and every other worker's job in the country belong to the capitalist. The workers are indebted to the Stanford-Merthyr miners for the clear, class-conscious statement of the situation.

School teachers in Melbourne are pointing out that children are unable to give proper attention to their school duties on account of the strain put upon them by the work they are required to do before and after school hours. They state that these over-worked children are stunted in body and mind, and that they are tired out before they begin their daily school work. At the meeting of the Kindergarten Union recently at Rosslyn Garden Mrs. Anderson, in her report as organising secretary spoke of the overcrowding in Sydney; of the houses in the neighborhood of the Surry Hills where two and three families have now to crowd where once one family lived; of the proposed tenement houses on the lines of those in Glasgow, where there is no accommodation either for a Kindergarten or even a playground for the children of the workers who exist (it cannot be called living) piled up in these rabbit warrens of "homes" where the infant mortality always exceeds that in the cottage home. As

Emmanuel College, Cambridge, England, and privately printed for the edification of a Religious Discussion Society. He is casting a broad and enlightened look around on the conditions of faith in the various countries of Europe, and he remarks: "Look at Germany, the nation which in respect of trained intelligence stands highest in the world. The churches are half empty, and the congregations consist of women only. . . . The condition of things in France is similar, but here the indifference we find in Germany becomes actual hostility. Except in a few districts such as Brittany, the church is the church of women only. . . . Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, who has long been resident in France, has described the situation in an authoritative book which has become almost classical. It is a bar to promotion, he tells us, either in the army or the Civil Service, to be known to attend regularly at mass. It is an accepted tradition that the President of the Republic never pronounces the name of God in any public utterance. . . . In England the same tendency is seen in a less pronounced form. If I were asked what is the attitude of my countrymen at large towards orthodox Christianity I should answer: They are increasingly hostile or indifferent in proportion to their intelligence." The writer then quotes Mr. Charles Booth in vol. 7 of "Life and labor of the people of London," who writes as follows: "The great masses of the people remain apart from all forms of religious communion, apparently untouched by the gospel that with various differences of interpretation and application is preached from every pulpit. The female sex forms the mainstay of every religious assembly of whatever class." These quotations are of value as coming, not from the camp of the unbeliever, but from the stronghold of belief. It is a sort of cry of agony that is being heard in the dark, cannot bear the fierceness of the light of reason beating on their faith-blinded eye-balls. Then there is another reason why they are valuable to us who are striving to let in the light. The weak spot in our present educational system is that the women are the upholders of and the pillars of support to the crumbling edifice of dogmatic religion. In each country of Germany, France and England the writer mentions the women as still attending the services, still supporting a decadent priesthood. Our readers will at once realise the danger. With the women go generally the children; and so the old tares and weeds are resown in the tender minds of our youth, and the same difficulties and soul wrackings of the "The Everlasting Yea and the Everlasting Nay" of Carlyle's have once more to be undergone. The old Greeks used to say, "Give your child to a slave to be educated, and you will have two slaves in place of one." As long as our women are the slaves of ignorance and superstition, we shall have ignorant and superstitious children. The strongest indictment of all among the many hard sayings of the Master of Emmanuel is: "My countrymen are increasingly hostile or indifferent in proportion to their intelligence." Surely we, as a community, should make an effort to increase the intelligence of our women, lest the great and grasping organisation of Romanism obtains such a hold in this new land, which, far from the fogs and gropings of northern climes, should be frankly Attie and pagan in its outlook. One more quotation from this remarkable pamphlet, and we have done: "One of the most sinister facts in the religion of Englishmen at the present day is that the dominant creed finds its chief support in the middle class, those Philistines on whom Mr. Arnold poured unceasing scorn, on their narrowness of view, their material ambitions, their imperviousness to the beauties of art and literature." It is the middle class incarnate in this indictment, which we Socialists are out to abolish. We have our ideals, our faiths, our religion, our newer and more beautiful symbols, all kindling to life in our creed of the Brotherhood of Man. But the Philistines and stuffy middle class still block our way to the realisation of those ideals. If, through education and the development of intelligence, we can cut away from under their feet the quaking bog of dogmatic faith which they still persist in believing is firm ground, we shall all the sooner be able to lay the foundations and build up the Temple of that renewed humanity, which has cast off the hypocrisies, and disguises of enslaved thought and seeks in its renaissance strength for the beauty, the will-power and the strong self-expression of renewed and unshackled youth.

We take the following extracts from a pamphlet written recently by the Master of

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To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. Therefore short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor." No private communication must be included.

Every contribution must bear the writer's name—not necessarily for publication.

Contributions received later than Wednesday cannot be guaranteed insertion in following week's issue.

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These are the hired braves who defend
The tyrant's throne—the bulwark of his fear;
These are the sarks and channels of worst vice,
The refuse of society, the dregs of life,
All that is most vile; their cold hearts blend
Deceit with sternness, ignorance with pride,
All that is mean and villainous with rage,
Which hopelessness of good and self-contempt
Alone might kindle. They are decked in wealth
Honor and power; then are sent abroad to
Do their work. The pestilence that stalks
In gloomy triumph through some Eastern land
Is less destroying. They cajole with gold
And promises of fame, the thoughtless youth,
Already crushed with servitude; he knows
His wretchedness too late, and cherishes
Repentance for his ruin, when his doom
Is sealed in gold and blood.

—SHELLEY on Soldiers.

Cultivating the Butcher.

BY W. R. W.

THE capitalist class is moving vigorously to retain its hold on the world's affairs, and recent events, illustrating its methods, are very interesting and useful to the student of social tendencies.

We recently saw the efforts put forward to revivify the dying institution of monarchy, the extraordinary attempt to impose on the masses, by making them believe that King George and Queen Mary are two of the most wonderful beings on earth; that they possess all human virtues in an extraordinary degree; that literary and scientific genius pales to insignificance in comparison with the glorious gifts of the royal couple; and that the welfare and progress of the human race are bound up in the maintenance of the throne of Britain.

Of course all such claims on behalf of royalty are just plain fudge, meant to delude the unthinking. There is in the humblest a craving for the esthetic and the beautiful, and the dominant class plays upon that feeling by organising coronation pageants and royal birthdays, when the public are incited to decorate their buildings, wave flags, and listen to empire orators who are put up to lead the people in the desired direction.

In the press, the lightest word of royalty and its creatures is carefully treasured and set before a gaping public. From every pulpit and platform the masses are dosed with nostrums fatal to reason and their own interests, while anything which bears on their real welfare is carefully hidden from them. The teaching of economics is tabooed, for that branch of science would let the people into the secret of how they are exploited, and might lead them to take steps to

prevent exploitation, which would be fatal to all who make an easy living by "taking them down."

The education of the masses is carefully undertaken by those who are unanimous in support of things as they are, and from their youth up, the children of the workers hear plenty of claptrap about royalty, loyalty, patriotism, religion, morality, humility, and bravery in "defence of king and country," or their "hearth and homes." They are taught to look up to their "betters" and superior leaders, the self-made persons, who have successfully taken the rest down and waxed fat and wealthy.

It is a sordid scheme this education in the wrong direction, and it has lasted for ages. In all past ages the "sharps" have lived upon the "flats," and the principal work of Socialists to-day is to open the eyes of the latter and help them to look squarely at the facts of life.

A dangerous feature of this mis-education of the present day, is its plausibility. Even laborites often get fogged and carried away by platitudes inculcated and imbibed in youth. Of these, the most dangerous are those about the defence of "their country" and "their hearth and homes."

On these platitudes, militarists, guided by money-mongers, build up a system of militancy which is proof against both reason and ridicule, and which carries away old-time Socialists like Blatchford, Jaures, and Bebel.

"The best way to preserve peace," say the militarists, "is to be prepared for war," which looks so self-evident that Blatchford would arm all Britain to defend the country against Jaures and Bebel. Jaures would arm France against Blatchford and Bebel, and Bebel would arm Germany to defend himself against the danger of attack from Blatchford and Jaures.

Were these men supreme in their countries, they would preserve militancy, oblivious of the fact that they had been led into it by the superior cunning of interested men, and they would go on piling up armaments, building navies, and educating the masses away from a love of industry to the lust for war and butchery.

Many admirers of these men may question the above conclusion, but they have each declared themselves in favor of universal military training, which of course, involves conscription, and ultimate military domination.

Men with similar ideas, and calling themselves Socialists, have foisted conscription on Australia, and now the militarists of Britain are asking why they cannot have the Australian system adopted in Britain, and are using every means in their power to popularise the idea and secure its reception.

To show how the education of the masses in the direction of militancy is accomplished, and how the butcher is cultivated, let us note the press cables of Aug. 4. We were told by cables to the press—which of course gave every prominence to the information—that "Lord Roberts (the man who put the Indians and the Boers down, at the instance, and in the interests, of British Capitalists), inspected the N.S. Wales cadets at the Crystal Palace, London, on Aug. 4.

Major P. N. Buckley (representing the swashbucklers of the Commonwealth of Australia) was present with Major Wynne (who fights with the jaw bone of an ass in the Telegraph office) who presented slaughterman Roberts with an inkstand made of Broken Hill silver (stolen probably from the miners of the Hill), mounted on Australian hardwood (which the Australian bushmen were never fully paid for).

Slaughterman Roberts expressed (note the "soft sander" given to the boys now, and then remember what treatment would be meted out to

them in time of war) his approval of the smartness of the uniform (making the boys feel "it") and the precision of the boys in handling their arms. He also presented Sir Charles Wakefield's cup, which the cadets had won at Bisley.

He also presented Swashee Wynne with the Roberts (Robbers') medal, and each boy with an autograph photograph and copy of his book, "Forty-one years in India" (Butchering).

Field Slaughterman Roberts then addressed the boys, and remarked that "it was a disgrace that Britain was without the system of compulsory training that Australia possessed, and that it was absolutely essential that she should follow Australia's example."

A party of the Australian cadets then visited France, Belgium, and Germany, and Sir Chas. Wakefield presented each boy with a commemorative medal.

In all this the cunning militarist is seen at work, deluding the boys into the belief that the "hired assassins' trade" is superior to all others, and that the picnic and the presents are only a small foretaste of the things which fall to successful warriors. They were taught to look at the eminence of Lords Roberts and Kitchener, and were told of the vast sums given them by a grateful country (ruled by exploiters whose interests they had murdered and butchered for).

So the education of the youth of Britain and Australia, and the cultivation of the butcher, goes on, and is carefully extended, from one country to the other, by crafty men who have been all their lives at the game, and who have been well paid for the service they have rendered to their unscrupulous class.

To popularise the "hired assassins' trade" with those who know more than the boys do, who have reached maturity and know something of the horrors of war, and who may be inclined to think that it is time the world gave up war and allowed peace to reign, it is said that the conscript forces would only be used for purposes of defence and never for aggression. But we know better—the Boer war taught us otherwise.

It is simply unthinkable and unbelievable that men like Roberts and Kitchener and their Australian imitators, would not obey the capitalists and the "yellow" press, if they were hounded on to butcher another people, or even their own if they happened to strike against unjust conditions imposed by the master class.

Like every other iniquity, war-mongering puts specious fallacies into the mouths of its adherents, by which it seems to speak the language of peace. It resembles the treacherous Jew of the Psalmist, "the words of whose mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: whose words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords." It teaches its disciples to "seek peace and ensure it" by diligently cultivating the arts of war and mountainously piling up preparations for it like Pelion upon Ossa. It takes the doctrine formulated by Vegetius, a military writer of the fourth century (the worst period of Roman decadence, endows it with such appalling vogue and prestige that it has ever since been a favorite shibboleth of the votaries, and even emerges from the inkpots of writers in peace papers as "the glorious maxim: In time of peace prepare for war."

The use to which the military forces are being put in Great Britain clearly shows what war the ruling class prepares for in time of peace.

Dr. Roth has been writing to the London Times concerning Australia's men of the Stone Age. But he was not referring to Gregory Wade and Alfred Deakin and Billy Hughes and the others. He was dealing with the aboriginals of this privately-owned Commonwealth.

Get subscribers for this paper.

The Lie of Patriotism.

BY ALFRED LUNSEN.

AUTHORITY is only able to carry on its work of oppression by taking possession of the mind of the child when it is defenceless, its powers of judgment still weak, its memory unstore, and as yet useless to remind or to warn. In order to stifle the spirit of initiative, to destroy reason it is necessary to seize on the imagination and the will, and create from within habits inspired by prejudice, scruples and fettered reason.

Both church and state know only too well that a man will be affected all through his life from the influences he receives during his school days. That is why they have seized on the right to hold in their despotic hands the brains and the hearts of our children, in order to stamp them with their own ineffaceable mark. The moral sanction they inculcate is so to mould the brain of the little child that it may all its life obey without outside control the "law of the strongest."

The moral sense of the child is perverted by teaching him to despise the poor unfortunate—called a thief—who has stolen to appease his hunger, a piece of bread from a baker's shop; while at the same time teaching the child to admire, and take his hat off to the "master"—often a stout and decorated senator, who has "earned" his millions over the corpses of his workmen, who die like flies while working in dangerous trades such as the manufacture of white lead, etc.

The child will be taught to respect the rich and the successful man; in the rural districts he will be trained in stupid admiration for the squire and the great landlord, who only exploit the work of others and never do any themselves; while at the same time a subtle contempt will be instilled, into the young and plastic mind, for the worker, the poor man, and the badly dressed person, who produce everything and own nothing.

A blind and stupid hatred of the nation which lives on the other side of the stream will be instilled into him; and he will be taught infatuation for his own country at the expense of every other man's country.

In the school books of the day every formula of the phraseology of the proprietorship of the lower middle class, and of nationalism, has been exhausted in order to teach our children the most odious form of patriotism, and the most cynical morality. The patriot's country is the land of all devotion, of all genius and of all honor. Our nation is the great family which we must love, even more than our father and our mother, because it is only through it that we exist.

The leaders of our nation are chosen for their capacity. Men cannot all be equal. Think out and develop this thought.

Every day sentences are written on the blackboard, and remain there during lesson hours, after they have been read out to the pupils and repeated in chorus. Here are some specimens of their "wisdom":

"A good patriot must learn how to die for the flag."

It is only through the fatherland that you have any existence; therefore live for the fatherland.

A good patriot should prepare to become a good soldier.

Respect for the law is the first duty of the citizen.

To love what is good is to love God. And, my children, you will find him everywhere; all nature tells of his power and of his infinite wisdom.

To commit a fraud is to render oneself unworthy of the benefits of the State.

To abstain from voting is to divest oneself voluntarily of the title of citizen.

When the battle is over the soldier must become once more humane and generous."

The child is questioned at school: "What should you do when the tricolored flag is carried past?" The child is taught to reply: "When the tricolored flag is carried past, I must stop my play and my work, and I must watch it go by with feelings of devotion, and take off my hat to it; for it is the fatherland which is passing."

Hatred of the stranger is woven in the most cruelly stupid way into the imagination of the child.

At the present time, and even in the very eyes of our "Labor Ministers" this work of the perversion of the mind of the child is being carried on.

What crimes against one's fatherland are there not committed in the name of patriotism!

From the time when we were unconscious babes have we not sucked in the poisoned milk of a stupid patriotism, based on corruption and on lies!

One of the most frightful consequences of patriotism is militarism. Militarism was born on the day when some took for themselves what should belong to all. Authority cannot be maintained without militarism, without the means of upholding by force, and repelling by force those who are opposed to us. We are always told that the army is for national defence.

We cannot presuppose a state of defence without supposing someone who attacks.

Who is attacking us? Why should they attack us? To take out property. But we have none!

No, militarism is only means of oppression. Military service is the apprenticeship of war. It is necessary in order to form a solid army, capable of defending propertied interests against enemies inside, and enemies outside.

The enemies inside?

These are apparently the exploited, the strikers, the hungry unemployed who must be kept under, and taught subjection. The soldiers, therefore, are the watchdogs of the financiers and of propertied interests. History is just one succession of military feats, a rhapsody of epic deeds of blood. The heroism of the soldier is praised as the highest of virtues; passive obedience is the noblest duty; the preparation and drilling of the trained soldier the most elevated of tasks.

And in this miserable, sham education made of lying phrases and of misleading sentiments, the individual has been absorbed, and lost in the mass; he has become just a number, just a unit to be sacrificed first to God, then to the Fatherland, and then to the Nation.

Thus has this perverted and sophisticated education resulted in the greater delight of our governments, for they prepare on one side heartless and unscrupulous tyrants, and on the other side a race of submissive and resigned slaves. The barrack life makes of us machines to obey orders, to strut and march in step; and the orders that we have to obey, may be most contradictory, most idiotic, most cruel. One learns to obey, as does the dog who hears the crack of his master's whip. The military code punishes with death a dignified gesture, a movement of revolt. One has to obey as does a coward; for whilst obeying one always fears the threatened punishment.

Barrack life also teaches the worship of brute force, and of the religion of violence.

Professional military men, or the officers to whom we are delivered over when still scarcely more than children, and who for years dominate us, body and soul—these officers form inside the nation a caste quite apart—a veritable caste of brutes.

The best officer, the accomplished military man is he who under every

circumstances proves himself a perfect brute. What effect indeed must that occupation have, which instead of forcing him to use a tool to produce, uses an arm to destroy? Such individuals must necessarily always place violence before reason. Ranged up against peaceful intelligence, and energy striving to improve the future, those who live by the sword merely express the reaction and the violence of past ages. The army stands in our midst as a sanctuary, where in order to destroy the work of civilisation, to obstruct progress, bestial force is enthroned, idealised and crowned. It is a centre of contagion for the whole social body. The years of enforced military service are, for each citizen, years of apprenticeship in brutality and degradation.

Moral cowardice, the habit of submitting while trembling—this is the lesson learnt in barracks. And when leaving the regiment men are by that time well prepared to betray the workers by joining the police force, or the national gendarmarie.

It is soldiers who are sent to shoot down strikers; it is they whose charges are furrowed with rows of dead and dying workers, driven away from their tasks by the rapacity of the bosses and forced to meet and demonstrate in the streets.

Soldiers are also used to replace workers in time of strike; the army composed of the sons of the people, is against the people and is in the service of the exploiters!

The government, with its usual hypocrisy, pretends that the army insures the liberty of the workers. It is a lie. It ensures the triumph of the exploiter over the exploited. Whilst waiting orders to serve against foreign foes the soldier is always a useful asset in the social war. Governments and capitalists never hesitate to employ them when they fear for the safety of their possessions.

Our history and the history of other countries is full of bloody proof of this truth.

As soon as the people demand a little more liberty, a little more comfort, they get their answer in shot and shell. Every year there is in one place or another a massacre of workmen. The striker finds himself at once up against the soldier.

We are proletarians; that is to say, we are of those who bear the whole weight and sorrows of society.

The army is the guardian of that society; and the irony of the situation is that its recruits are among the most unfortunate and the most suffering of the subjects of capitalism.

When the best part of the conscious and awakened workers organise themselves to claim their share in the wealth they create, that day cannons, guns, and bayonets will be sent against the organised workers.

The sons and the brothers of the workers, if they have not the courage to refuse to fire will become hired assassins.

This will be the climax of all the grand trades about "country and our flag."

It is meet that the bourgeois should spread himself out on the army, its discipline, its martial air, its brave lads; he well knows that these lads are going to defend the banks, the workshops, the factories.

The flag which he salutes in passing is the symbol of the eternal safety of the strong room, and of the privilege.

But for us, the workers, the regiment passing in the street can be only the symbol of slavery. A slavery of shame, for as soon as a son of the people dons the military uniform, he becomes a traitor to his class.

The proletarian soldier is the enemy of the people, drilled as he is to defend the rich and powerful, equipped and armed as he is against his brothers.

All the philanthropists and all the Liberals in the world are unable to organise successfully for peace; it is only the workers who can impose peace.

There is a virtue superior to that of love for one's country: it is love for Humanity.

One's country as symbol, no longer appeals, but the human race will continue to make its eternal appeal. Neither the sign of the cross nor the salute of the flag interest mankind. We have to teach our children that they have the right to love, that they have the right to such instruction as shall make of them men in the widest and most robust meaning of the word.

Our task is to stir up the spirit of criticism, to readjust ideas which have been warped by prejudice and inherited by tradition. We must make warm hearts and cool heads, and we must educate and organise for the approaching revolution.

Notes from Childers.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

I PROMISED you a full and complete account of things in this district since I wrote before I was put in gaol.

On the 28th of last month we got to know about a special train of scabs, who were coming up to the C.S.R. mill here. We got a posse of men, about three hundred strong, and waited all night for the train. It came towards seven in the morning, and just before it got to the Dryley station it had to pass through a deep cutting with a road bridge over it; so you can imagine what happened.

We then made a rush for the mill to get there and intercept the crowd of scabs before they reached the office; but as they had the train up on an overhead bridge we got as near as possible to them.

Some of Masters' Pets were taking snapshots. I suppose they were for future reference.

We gave the invitation to them to come out and join us.

There were nine police in the yard and about 250 men.

The manager went to Martens, our organiser, and ordered him off the ground, but Martens said he would not go till he had spoken to the men in the train, and said he was prepared to take the consequences.

Seymour, the detective in charge of the police, said to Martens, "If you go off the ground all the men will follow you." The men roared out, "We won't go till you let our organiser speak to the men in the train."

About half-an-hour later they shifted the train down to the coal bunkers, as there are steps leading to the floor of the mill.

Police tried to get the scabs into the mill that way; but only three got in, as the crowd broke through the line of police and rushed to the foot of the steps.

The police then shoved the scabs back up the steps to the train.

Martens got a chance to address them at this stage, and got four or five to come out with us.

The rest were taken into the mill over the roof and through a window.

Martens then sang out, "This is no good to us. If they are so low and dirty as to crawl over a roof to scabs, they are not worth troubling about."

Someone at this time sang out, "They are going out to the office," so we all rushed round to the other side.

Some of the older scabs put their faces to the window, and one of them threw out a bar of iron at the boys and just missed Alf. Pedley.

That of course started the ball rolling, and the stones began to fly and someone took a pot shot at the scab who threw the iron bar and hit him in the mouth with a 7-S iron bolt, and knocked him clean out.

Some of them rushed into the mill and ran amok.

Somebody broke a stick of cane across Scotty Muir's mouth.

They started to deal with the scabs in the mill and the police came over and hunted them out.

They met two or three and left the mark of the union on them.

There were two gauges and about 15 to 18 windows broken.

The damage done is put down at five pounds, and all of it was not done by the boys.

We got word just then that the P.M. was coming to read the riot act, so Martens got the men together, and they left the yard.

As they were coming out of the yard, to show their contempt, they knocked to pieces the notice about trespassing.

They then formed up four deep and marched back to camp in an orderly manner.

Early next morning Klausen was going to the butchers for meat for the breakfast of three of the lads who camp together, when Seymour collared him and took him to the lockup.

Pedley and Martens came strolling up the street about 8.45 a.m. and they went the same way. I was just in time to hear the warrants read.

The detective had a large bundle under his arm.

I went over and sat at a corner of the street with some of the lads, and presently the police came up in twos and threes till there were about a dozen round us.

Just then the train whistled and we started for the station, and just as it was in sight they got me.

So off I went with four policemen. I must have been a desperate character when it took the four of them.

Well, the four of us remained in a cell 12 x 7 till half-past seven next morning.

Of course we could hear the police bustling about outside and getting their arms, and we wondered what was up.

Afterwards we learned that about forty or fifty police went out to the main camp and arrested five and brought them in.

They next went around the pickets and got three more of the lads.

Most of them were arrested on open warrants. For example: "Name unknown, but who can be identified."

On the Saturday night the boys marched from the main camp to the station to meet two of the members who were coming up to speak.

Seymour, to show his bravery, arrested a chap named Adams and dangled him before the mob, looking for trouble. And they got it.

Stones began to fly, but they were thrown pretty straight, as not one hit Adams, and they left a few of the police marked for the rest of their lives.

A few days later the boys raided the farms and chased the scabs out of the cane, and so put the fear of God into their hearts that some of them never cut again. These that are cutting have got police guarding them, and the Co.'s locomotives have got armed police on them.

Some of the cockies had rifles and pointed them at the boys, but they just went up and took them out of their hands, and took them to the camp in case they might be wanted later by the boys.

I may state regarding the Saturday night fracas that it was only through the influence of the P.M., Macalister, that the boys quieted down. He is a gentleman of the first water and is not afraid of the C.S.R. Co., and he does not put too much faith in policemen's words.

They arrested twenty-nine in all; eleven got three months, two one month, and the rest committed for trial on Oct. 3rd.

Pedley, Martens, Klausen and myself have already been a fortnight in jail.

I have seen some lovely liars in my life but the police here take the bun. Betwixt the police evidence and that of the scabs, I think they have only got a case against four of us in the rioting we were charged with.

One of the lads, Walter Norriss, had a case against him, as not a witness but had to say, "I saw the defendant Norriss."

We were allowed bail in £100.

The lady who went surety for me put down £100 hard cash, and is also putting down another fifty to go surety with one of our boys to get another out. So we have got good friends here yet.

We have started the boycott on two publicans and a soft drink merchant. The boys told the publicans they would not drink in pubs that stocked Phillips' drinks.

He is one of the ??? who said we ought to be arrested on warrant, so we are going to pay him back with interest.

We had a message through last night that there was a chance of the trouble ending, as millers and farmers were conceding the A.W.A. demands, but we will not know till to-morrow. I suppose you will know as we do.—13.8.11.

Could Not Lose a Day's Pay.

BY L.L.B.

HE was only a casual hand in a Government Department.

There were five children at home and the mother had to pinch to get clothes enough. He had been out of work so long last year. Food was dear too; he never got so good a lunch parcel as he used to when there were only two little ones, and he noticed the difference in the meat that they now had for dinner—it was so tough. A pound would not go round now, so they had to get the cheapest mutton or beef.

He had a bad cough. Oh, it was nothing—only when he went to lift a hundred weight of wire it was a nuisance, it came on pretty badly.

Influenza was raging everywhere. He thought he had caught a fresh cold.

"You'd better take a day off, Bill, and stay in bed," said one of his mates. "It's the best thing for the 'fue'."

He shook his head. Lose a day's pay? Why that would get bread and milk for the week—and then there were the back debts.

Next day he crawled to work. His mate took the heaviest jobs off him, and told him to take a spell. He lay down on some cases at lunch time and staggered a bit when he got up.

He didn't come next day—nor for the rest of that week.

Then a little girl in shabby black clothes that were too big for her came and asked for the Boss.

And word was sent down from the office that the "Permanents" could get off for the funeral, but if the casuals wanted to go they would lose half a day's pay.

Mr. Thomas, Labor member in the House of Commons, said "he regretted that the nation's trade had suffered so severely in consequence of the great British strike." Apparently, the economics of the British Labor Party are in equal sympathy with our own Australian Labor Party, as is shown by W. M. Hughes in his famous referendum speech in the Town Hall: "The Labor Party is not in power to destroy competition, but to build it up." Such are the economic inebrinations of Labor Parties.

The Socialists want the international solidarity of Labor—the Labor Party wants national jingoism.

Pass this paper on to your friends.

Salmagundi.

BY OTIS.

SIR William McMillan has been talking at the British Empire League—whatever that is. The D.T. headed it's report of the speech "Bonds of Empire." Mortgage bonds?

In a recent divorce case, the husband being the petitioner, it was stated on behalf of the wife that she had left the petitioner for the only reason that she had ceased to love him, and loved another man. She considered it would have been immoral to live with her husband when she no longer loved him. Even the petitioner desired to have it understood that his wife had not acted immorally. Yet Judge Gordon (whose ideas of what constitutes immorality are exceedingly remarkable) says that the wife's conduct in leaving the man she no longer loved was "just as inexcusable as the conduct of a man who deserted his wife and children because he was too lazy to support them, and merited the same punishment." Still if that wife had continued to live with the petitioner when she no longer loved him, morally she would have been a prostitute. It will be a bad day when Judge Gordon's idea of morality predominates.

"In conclusion Mr. Gilbert called for three cheers for the king." Wonderful isn't it, how loyal the anti-monarchist becomes in these vote catching days? And no wonder the loyalists continually cry to the Lord to save the king.

Once more Assassin Asquith and Churchill of the Hand that Drips Blood! Soldiers at Liverpool poured a rifle volley into a body of strikers and then charged with drawn sabres, one man being killed and 20 badly wounded.

Australian Unionists might be reminded that Andy Fisher fraternised with Asquith and Churchill during his squirm at the Coronation Crawl.

Labor-member Will Crooks has given notice in the House of Commons of a bill to make it illegal to strike until the dispute has been considered by a board representing the masters and workers, with a Board of Trade umpire! The Board of Trade umpire would, of course, be a master-class man; and the proposal demonstrates the kind of political crooks they breed in the British "Labor" movement—always assuming, of course, that the Labor-member is mentally capable of understanding the effect of his own motion.

"We have done all right out of arbitration and wages boards," said secretary Mick Conington to a D.T. reporter the other day; and then he proceeded to say how a section of his members had actually got 46s for a week of 40 hours! The reporter went away with his tongue in his cheek and a twinkle in his eye, and wrote "Believer in Arbitration" over the par. he made out of the incident.

F. Allman writes in a recent Sydney Sun: "We know in our hearts, as the great Tolstoi well said, that war is wholesale murder, and yet we continue to train our growing children to be ready to kill their fellow-men. Socialists are often accused of their lack of religion; yet their uncompromising attitude towards militarism and war should commend itself to all 'Christians' desiring permanent peace. Here is a sample of protest against compulsory military training:—I, John Doran Lynch, claim exemption from military or naval training because I am the son of working-class parents, and I do not believe in being trained as a professional murderer of the working class of any nation." War is legalised and wholesale murder, and the quicker a people come to a knowledge of this truth, now obscured behind patriotism, uniforms and flags, so will they be setting a sure foundation for peace and goodwill among men."

Forty cawlets at Lithgow struck against going on parade the other night because there were blacklegs in the camp. The police were sent for, and ordered the strikers off the footpath, but no arrest were made. Lieut. Burns afterwards declared that the strike was organised to secure notoriety. He indicated that the presence of non-unionist could not make a reason for the exemption of unionists; and Senator McGregor has since intimated that refusal by unionist boys to drill with scabs or under scab officers will be severely punished. The Labor Party isn't going to let the fixed principles of the working class interfere with its murder scheme.

A Japanese training squadron is coming to Sydney, and the Jap. officers will be entertained at Government House and officially received by our Labor Ministers. Later on the said Ministers will preach some more political sermons about a "White Australia" and the need for excluding the Japs. But it will be noted that it is only the Jap. workers they desire so exclude. The Jap. exploiters and trained murderers they will welcome.

Gems from Herve.

ALL countries have a common character: all, without exception, are composed of two classes—a minority of privileged, and a majority of pariahs.

The number of privileged persons, like the mode of exploitation, may differ from one century to another, but at all times and in all countries a minority has lived at the expense of a majority who merely exist in want and ignorance.

Under the old regime in France, the privileged comprised the kings, the landed, secular and ecclesiastical aristocracy, and later, if not by title, at least in fact, the aristocracy of money. By means of statute work, titles, taxes of all kinds, direct or indirect, a million drones levied on the work of twenty million peasants, workmen and shopkeepers, enough to live in opulent idleness.

The revolution of 1789-93 brushed aside the privileged few. Immediately a new class installed itself in their stead, more active, more intelligent, also more eager for profit, at any rate, more capable of making the laboring classes yield more.

After the gigantic net-catching of 1789-93 of national property, the new privileged class, in order to digest its new prey in peace, shielded itself behind the sword of Napoleon. It invaded the whole civil service, the Legislative Corps, the Council of State. Between 1815 and 1848 it reserved to itself alone, and to the debris of the old landed aristocracy, to whom it allied itself by marriages, the right to vote: 90,000 voters from 1815 to 1830; 200,000 from 1830 to 1848.

Under the Empire, under the Restoration, under Louis-Philippe, it availed itself of its influence, or of its seizure of the Government, to make laws to its own advantage and to the detriment of the masses.

It conducted the mines and the railways under conditions onerous for the nation but profitable to itself and to those of its members who were able to engage in financial operations.

It instituted a fiscal system under which the rich do not pay in proportion to their fortune, in which the whole burden of taxes weighs on the shoulders of the poor, thanks to the iniquitous distribution of direct taxation, and to the still greater iniquity of food taxes graduated the wrong way.

It authorised capitalists to form companies, but until 1864 forbade workmen, under penalty of the severest punishment, to combine for the defence of their earnings.

This privileged class created, to the detriment of the mass of taxpayers, salaries of 6000, 8000, 10,000, and 50,000 francs for high officials, almost all recruited from its own ranks; and it reserved starvation wages for road laborers, schoolmasters, and all small civil servants recruited from the common people.

It devised or gradually built up a costly legal procedure which puts justice within reach of the rich alone.

Favored by laws, favored by the normal working of competition, which, in a society where the instruments of work are owned not collectively, but by private people, infallibly brings about the crushing of small producers by the medium producers, of the medium producers by the large ones, the bourgeoisie during the whole of the nineteenth century strengthened its economic domination over the great mass of the nation: Mines, railway, sugar-refineries, flour mills, textile factories, huge stores, banks, large agricultural estates; it forestalled everything, levying enormous contributions on the small rural land-owner, small shopkeeper, and the agricultural and industrial world.

Ald. Cohen, mayor, of Adelaide, went all the way to London to ask for the "dignity" of a Lord Mayorship, and he has come back weeping many tears and gnashing whatever teeth he possesses because the bauble was not forthcoming. He told the Secretary for State that the "people of Adelaide" would be really dissatisfied if he wasn't made a Lord mayor. So far, though, the "people of Adelaide" don't seem to care either a Cohenstein or a goldarn about the silly business.

The steamer Gabo's 120 tons of sugar were unloaded by the employees and clerks of the A.U.S.N. Company, after the loading had been completed.

If unionists hadn't brought the Gabo there with scab sugar aboard, the said scab sugar could never have been unloaded.

H. E. Holland is still in the Coast Hospital, but we are pleased to say he is progressing favorably. He expects to leave the hospital shortly.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

Broken Hill.

BY E.V.C.

In last issue of the "International" it was stated that comrade O'Reilly lectured the previous Sunday on "Socialism, Art, and Literature," whereas it was comrade O'Leary who delivered the lecture.

Last Sunday comrade Rancie lectured on "Socialism, Religion and the Church."

There was a good attendance, and after the lecture several visitors joined in the discussion.

Sydney Jottings.

Comrade Scott-Bennett, who is at Auckland, New Zealand, wishes to be remembered to all Sydney comrades. He visit Australia at the end of the year on his way to America.

The Domain meeting was a huge success.

The enormous assembly was due mainly to the close proximity of the Cardinal's funeral.

Wilson and Feldhausen were the speakers. The former replied to a Sergeant of militia who asked to be allowed to mount the stump.

The members are reminded that they can bring their friends to the Lasalle celebration to be held at the rooms 274 Pitt-street on Saturday, Sept. 2nd, at 3 o'clock.

The members attention is drawn to the the speaker's class held every Thursday night with the exception of the second Thursday in every month.

Comrades Whitmore and Grant made rattling speeches in Market-street on Sunday evening.

The watchdogs of Capitalism, the police stopped our meeting at Goulburn-street, on Sunday evening.

A collection was taken up through the week in the Club rooms from members and friends in aid of the strikers on the sugar fields of Queensland amounting to £3 5s— which had been forwarded by comrade Martinet.

We have been pleased to welcome two good comrades to the Rooms this week, viz., J. Petersen, from Moree, and I. Askew, from Collarenebri. They are both down for a week, and friends will be pleased to know they look hale and hearty.

An article by J. Blumenthal on the Lithgow trouble has been unavoidably held over till next issue.

The Auckland, N.Z., Socialist Party are actively opposing the opportunist and reformist policy of W. T. Mills, who has been recently touring N.Z. in the interests of the political Labor Party. They are arranging for Socialist speakers to follow Mills and undo his work, and with this end in view, they recently communicated with Mrs. Montefiore, inviting her to tour N.Z. in the Socialist interest. Mrs. Montefiore has been reluctantly compelled, owing to H. E. Holland's illness, and the importance of her Sydney work, to decline, for a time, the pleasure of accepting the N.Z. comrades' invitation. Later on she may be able to lend Maoriland Socialists a hand, but at present they must accept the will for the deed.

Some characteristic extracts from a letter written by "Dandelion" to H. E. Holland: "As for getting better sooner, why, man alive! you should be whistling three times a day to think you are not dead, and the Labor Imperial Party well rid of you! . . . And, as far as your work is concerned, isn't it being capably done by others? . . . Speaking for myself, my sorrow that you are temporarily knocked out is not half as great as my joy that you are not dead, but recovering, and still anxious to fight the battle of the class we belong to. . . Your duty to the working class now is to cease troubling because of your brief inability to wallop Jim McGowen's loyal hide and puncture Fisher's imperialistic bubbles. Those impostors are rapidly exposing their own trickery without your aid, and Little Billee and Holman will complete their ruin when that special conference of the P.L.L. meets to deal with those who didn't toe the line over the Referenda nonsense. When rogues quarrel honest men regain their own."

Two strikers were shot by the soldiers at Llanelly, and four men were killed by an explosion of gunpowder, which was being brought to Llanelly to be used against the strikers.

George Emery, a miner, was killed by a fall of coal in the Burwood colliery Newcastle.

Get subscribers for the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

A Dream.

All grim, and soiled, and brown with tan,
I saw a strong one in his wrath,
Smiling the goddess shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essay'd in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped from his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Yet louder rang the strong man's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam!
Shuddering and sick at heart I woke
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust cloud rolled—
The waster seemed the builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined old,
I saw the new.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

—John Whittier.

The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this Fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	-	-	104 10 10
Wee Edinburger	-	-	0 10 0
J.B.	-	-	0 1 6
Collected at Club social	-	-	0 9 6

Total - - - - - 105 11 10

Advanced as Loans.

Already acknowledged - - - - - 5 0 0

Balance - - - - - 110 11 10

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

(In last week's report Burmester was credited with 1s instead of 2s, making the total £101 10s 10.)

Party Premises Fund.

	£	s	d
Previously acknowledged	-	-	9 2 0
J. Kerr	-	-	0 1 0

Total 9 3 0

All communications to be addressed to J. R. Wilson, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Maintenance Fund.

For "The International Socialist."

Mark West 2s, A. McKenzie (Petersburg, S.A.) 4s, J. Seward (Petersburg, S.A.) 2s, H. J. Swindley (Petersburg, S.A.) 5s, L.J.F. 2s 6d, F. J. Riley 2s, Buchanan 2s 6d, A. Larsen 1s, J. H. Corbett 1s, Denford 1s, Mrs. H. E. Holland 1s, F.H. 1s, G. Young 2s, Chambers 1s, Knowles 1s, Columbar 1s, Aekling 1s, Duffield 1s, Smith (Bathurst-street) 2s, Mrs. Burns 1s, Slade 1s, Wegner 2s, O.W.J. 1s, Bauman 1s 6d, Wilson 1s, C. Jackson 2s 6d, J. Kerr 1s, E. Cummings 3s, J. Woodbury (Cessnock) 3s, J.B. 1s.

Total for week, £2 12s.

Literature Notices.

The following books on Militarism are sold out, but orders will be booked for delivery as follows:

"The Great Illusion" (Angels) 3s, posted 5s 6d. To arrive about 14th September.

"My Country Right or Wrong" (Gustave Herve) 4s 6d, posted 5s. To arrive about 25th October.

"The Moral Damage of War" (Walter Walsh) 5s 6d, posted 6s. To arrive about 22nd Oct.

The great demand for anti-militarist literature makes it necessary that all who want early copies must book their orders promptly.

Cash must accompany all orders.

To understand Socialism you should read

Socialist Literature.

Order books and Socialist papers

SECRETARY, LITERATURE DEPARTMENT,

274 Pitt Street, Sydney.

THE HYPOCRITE.

ONE night in Portman Square there died
A man of riches, fame and pride
He headed many a "free-will" list,
"Death of the Great Philanthropist!"
The newspapers cry, and people said,
"What shall we do now he is dead?"
But they dreamt not—how could they tell?
That even then he was in Hell,
And had they known it, their surprise
Were less than glistened in the eyes
Of the rich man himself when he
Awoke to his catastrophe.
He asked of Satan: "Sir, how's this?
They booked me for the Realm of Bliss!
I paid to God a million pounds;
I opened recreation grounds,
Endowed of hospitals a score,
Of public libraries still more;
And, out of my unfeigned pity,
Took poor slum children from the city
Twice every year, and gave them buns
Where the shy Thames by Riel-mond runs.
And when the Sabbath morn came round
In church I always might be found—
I dropped my sovereign in the plate,
And, what is more, I ne'er was late.
They called me 'Patron of the Poor,'
I thought my seat in Heaven secure."

And Satan said: "Now tell me, friend,
Of that foul factory near Mile End,
Where, in unmitigated gloom
Deep as the shadow of the tomb,
Weak women stitched their sight away—
For a few wretched pence a day—
That your name might adorn a list,
And you be dubbed 'philanthropist.'"
There was a moment's awful hush;
The wealthy man could only blush.
Then Satan spake again: "Come, sit
Upon my right; a hypocrite
Is of all souls most welcome here—
Myself of hypocrites am peer—
Around, my lesser angels stand;
Sit you, my friend, at my right hand!"
—GILBERT THOMAS.

International Notes.

Austria.

Another Social-Democrat, the Ruthenian comrade Wityk, has now been elected in the Droherbyez district, bringing the total number of Socialists in the Austrian Reichsrat up to 82.

Spain.

The Socialists and Republicans organised an enormous protest meeting in Valencia last week against the action of the Spain in Morocco. About 20,000 persons were present. Perez Galdos and Pablo Iglesias spoke. Stormy scenes took place, and the police made several arrests.

Russia.

Our Russian comrade, E. Levitt, died recently at Heidelberg. He had for many years taken an active part in the revolutionary movement.

Britain.

Five thousand infantry and cavalry are in readiness to proceed to Liverpool, whither a hundred Scots Greys and two detachments of Hussars have already been despatched.

A hundred men and women received sentences of up to three months' imprisonment in connection with Sunday's riot.

The infantry fired several volleys over the heads of the rioters, and then charged with fixed bayonets up the dark courts and side streets, whence they were assailed with showers of stones, bottles, and similar missiles.

Fifty-six arrests were effected. Eighty persons were arrested at Glasgow for rioting.

There are nearly 3000 troops under General Mackinnon located in Liverpool.

Mr. Winston Churchill has instructed the troops to shoot to kill.

Many women are taking a hand in the upheaval.

The coal lightermen at Grimsby have struck for an increase of 2d per hour in their pay.

The telephonists employed at night at the General Post-office are demanding improved conditions.

The goods drivers and porters at Paddington are good.

Tom Mann is daily addressing the strikers at Liverpool.

Several skirmishes took place between the strikers and police.

The men barricaded Christian-street, and placed wire entanglements in the side-streets.

On Tuesday Liverpool was the scene of a desperate struggle between the strikers and military.

A detachment of hussars encountered a body of 3000 strikers, and, after firing a volley into them, charged them with drawn sabres, murdering two and wounding twenty others.

The shunters and dockers at Avonmouth, and at Bath and Bristol have also ceased, together with the majority of the engine-drivers at Stockport and 1200 of the North British Railway Company's platelayers and surfacemen.

Five hundred railway employees at the docks, Manchester, as well as the Great Northern goods men and the Great Northern and Midland Railway vanmen, have joined in the strike.

The fight between the men lasted an hour. The men faced the baton charges with coolness and courage, and the police-men were mauled.

A Column of Pars.

BY OTUS.

W. Wallace (ex-tram man), victimised for life by the Wade Government, for his connection with the tram strike, is now a paid organiser for the Liberal Party! Sounds like something licking the hand that ticked it.

According to Mr. Holman's interpretation, the Labor Party's "land nationalisation" plank means that those who now own land shall hold it undisturbed for ever; while the leasehold principle is only to apply to future applicants for land.

This paper would like to know the dimensions of the difference between the Liberal Party's freehold and the Labor Party's leasehold land policies. In each case the exploiter gets the use of the land for the purpose of exploiting the man whose labor wrests wealth from the land.

John Verran has perpetrated act of statesmanship. He has sent a message of congratulation to Assasin Asquith, of Featherstone fame, and his colleague Winston Churchill (with the blood-drilling hands) on the passage of the Veto Bill—which has no material significance for the British worker. John is always doing great acts of silliness which means nothing in particular and whose main effect is to demonstrate what a class-conscious working-man's Premier John Verran isn't.

The empire against the workers:

Detachments of the Scots Greys and Warwickshire Regiment appeared on the scene, and the police charged the strikers. Scores of men fell under truncheons. The street resembled a shambles. A hundred and fifty civilians were treated in the hospitals. The injuries included broken limbs and heads. Ninety arrests were made in Liverpool. The police fired a revolver. Many persons were injured—a few extracts from one day's cables concerning the strike movement in Britain.

And Andrew Fisher, Australia's Labor Prime Minister, wants to preserve the Empire.

Sydney D.T., shocked because the British workers are out on strike, has discovered that "the fatuity of the argument that public ownership is a safeguard against strikes is seen [in the present strike], for one of the bitterest episodes recorded so far is the strike of the employees on the Glasgow Corporation trams."

"Public" ownership, when it amounts to capitalist ownership, as in the case of the Glasgow trams, is no more a safeguard against strikes than is the "public" ownership of our own capitalistically-controlled trams in Sydney. As a matter of fact, the profits from the Glasgow trams have been used to relieve the taxpaying property-owners. Socialised services won't provide profits.

A recent number of Sydney "Sun" prints the following concerning "War—What For?"—the work of a well-known American Socialist:

"War—What For?" is George Kirkpatrick's somewhat pugnacious plea for peace. Mr. Kirkpatrick, who is an orator of power has written a book with this title, with a tremendous earnestness, making the plea that the working-classes make the folly of the wars that are waged in the interests of stay-at-home political and industrial rulers.

He details the cruel cost of war in blood and in money. He sweeps up all the grim statistics of the havoc of war; he tatters all the shibboleths that influence men to go to war. He masses his facts and figures in a cumulative horror.

Kirkpatrick's style is telegraphic, ejaculatory, breathless, and he certainly makes a black case against militarism. The pages are a continuous series of explosions. Here is what you find on the paper-jacket of the book:

Capitalists want wars.
Politicians declare wars.
Preachers pray for victory in wars.
Working men fight the wars.
If the masters want blood let them cut their own throats.
Let those who want great victories go to the firing line and get them.
If war is good enough to pray for, it is good enough to go to—up close where steel flashes, bones snap, and blood spurts.
They say, "War is Hell."
Well, then, let those who want hell go to hell.

There need be no mistake about the attitude of this Government in such an eventuality," says Andy Fisher, hinting at the possibility of a war.

Of course, there needn't. Andy and his colleagues will send the 17-years-old boys out to fight, while they leave for the mountains themselves.

The railway men at York, England, have refused to carry the police and military to strike centres.

Socialist Fables.

BY W.R.W.

The Man with the Axe to Grind.

One cold winter's morning, a boy who had been sent a message, met a man who carried an axe on his shoulder.

"Hello, my pretty lad," said the man, "where are you going?"

"I'm going on an errand for my mother," the boy answered.

"You are a fine little fellow," said the man. "If you will just come into my yard I'll show you how to sharpen an axe."

Pleased with the "fine little fellow" compliment, the boy forgot his own business, and went with the man to where a grindstone was standing.

"You're a splendid boy," said the man. "I'm sure you're one of the finest lads I've ever seen. Now, I'll show you how to sharpen an axe. Just take hold of the handle and turn the stone a few times till I sharpen the axe."

The boy was flattered, and foolishly commenced to turn the stone.

The axe was very blunt, and the boy turned and turned until his hands were blistered, and his head and face suffused with perspiration, but he stuck manfully to his task until the axe was sharp.

At last the man stopped him, and said: "Now you young imp, you had better send for your life, or your mother will be after you with the strap."

The boy was disgusted. It was hard enough to turn the stone so long for nothing, but to be called a "young imp," and dismissed without even a word of thanks was too much.

In after life, the boy remembered the man with the axe to grind, and when he saw men very politely engaging others to work for them, or selling blocks of land, or goods over a shop counter, he always thought "these men all have an axe to grind."

Often when Liberal or Labor candidates for parliament were flattering the working people and tickling their ears, when he knew that in private that they were sweaters and tyrants, sowing where they had not ploughed and reaping where they had not sown, he would say, "look out good people, these fellows have axes to grind, and they want you to turn the grindstone."

Often when he saw some blatant politician flitting into office on party spirit and enthusiasm, without a single qualification to make him useful to those whom he professed to be serving, he would say, "O, deluded people, you are doomed for a time to turn a grindstone for a humbug."

The Labor Government continues its work of dealing out stoush and jail and other "labor" benefits to those who object to the murder training scheme.

Melbourne, Monday.—The two initial prosecutions under the Defence Act are to be conducted here.

At Brighton a man will be charged with having refused to enrol his son. He pleads conscientious scruples.

Two boys will be charged at Carlton with insubordination.

Judge Gordon—representative of a lawyer class that never did a day's useful work—has been severely telling the S.A. workers that if a man "was as fairly paid as the conditions of his particular industry warranted, he was not fairly disloyal to the cause of labor if he was a fair day's work."

The worker will be "fairly paid" when he gets all the wealth his labor creates. He won't get that until he has fired Judge Gordon and the parasitic class whose interests he looks after.

See that your friends subscribe to this paper.

Judge Scholes says in effect that he'll make the western miners come before his precious Wadeges Board. He says the Board is not going to be treated with contempt. We fail to see how the workers can treat such a capitalistic contraption with anything else. Once again let it be said that the workers alone are the people who should fix the price at which they will sell their laboring power to the exploiters. Mr. Scholes' Wadeges Board leaves that power in the hands of the exploiters.

Andrew Fisher told the British *Sunday School Chronicle*, in the course of an interview, that "the more we are allowed to exercise anatomy in every department of government, the more attached our people become to the British Crown."

Pass this paper on to your friends.

Club Socials.

Will be held at Club Rooms every Saturday night.

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READ, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find fault and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—FRANCIS BACON.

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See that your friends subscribe to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Jingle on the Lithgow Ironworks Tunnel Trouble.

Some people say that Lithgow is now noted for its strike, And that to break the Unions up is capitalistic skite. Oft has a ruthless master tried on this cruel "gag," But, when the "screw" was on the men, he ran against a "snag." The present trouble had its birth quite early in July; When Miner Cairns asked to get off, the boss made no reply. He did his duty, and when he sailed back The boss said: "Here, you can't go in, for you have got the sack."

The chap was taken back a peg, but not dismayed he, And turned round to his mates, who said, "Cheer up, old man, we'll see." Now, these are humane hearts, who stand by one another; They tried to patch the matter up without industrial bother. With this in view, they sought the man who made the first big bloomer— He would not listen to their tale, to "down below" the sooner. Then came the head "boss money bag," and broke a savage grin; He said: "I'll take the two-pence off and then you may go in."

"Not we," the sturdy men replied, "we've not come here for sport; Before we sacrifice our rights we'll let it go to court." The pit was stopped, the men were off to please a stubborn will, The ironworks closed up as well—from furnace down to mill. 'Tis said that volunteers came forth—'twas, rather, at command, And soon a score of weak kneed chaps took on the scabby brand. To make things better for the fight they called on worthy O— To cut some coal, but he, for once, gave in his answer "No."

Then as the true men left their work, with each succeeding shift, The policeman came along and said, "For you I've got a 'stiff.'" But some there were who crawled about, their billets to retain— Such "scabs" as these may never hope for man's respect again. A pity 'tis there are such men to stoop to things so mean: To gratify the "money bags" they make themselves unclean. But this did not undo the men, to principle so true. Who oft escorted down the street some of the "measly" crew.

The poor clerks, too, in raiment fine, were called to help the mob; With aching backs and blistered hands they broke a little gob. And when they thought the workers' homes were short of bread and buns, The press was full of master's nag—the men stood by their guns. Still, this is in a Christian land, where men kneel off and pray: Two hundred to the organ fund—the men may go to H—ay. And when the parson sues for peace that understanding passes— The rich ride home in motor cars and clink the champagne glasses.

Here luxury and ease abound, and much congratulations That they're not like the men who strike for better situations. And all this trouble is for gold, that goeth not to grave. This is their god, and not the One Who sent his Son to save. Then brothers, wives, and children, dear—who sigh to see such greed, Stand by your precepts—living wage; life's sunshine's what you need. Be sober, honest, worthy men, and let conviction rule. But never, never have it said you've been a tyrant's tool.

—UNIONIST.

[*Means Mr. Owens, who sacrificed his job sooner than go back on his principles.]

"The Great French Revolution, 1789-1793."

BY W.R.W.

Every worker for revolution should read Kropotkin's work "The Great French Revolution of 1789-1793."

To read that book is to gain an understanding of the causes which are undermining capitalism to-day.

Kropotkin shows that two great currents prepared and made the great French revolution. One of them, the current of ideas, concerning the political reorganisation of States, came from the middle classes; the

other, the current of action, came from the people, both peasants and workers in towns, who wanted to obtain immediate and definite improvements in their economic condition. And when these two currents met and joined in the endeavor to realise an aim which was for some time common to both, when they had helped each other for a certain time, the result was the Revolution.

The eighteenth-century philosophers had long been sapping the foundations of the law-and-order societies of that period, where the political power, as well as an immense share of the wealth, belonged to the aristocracy and the clergy, whilst the mass of the people were nothing but beasts of burden to the ruling classes.

To-day, the same two currents are at work. Political thinkers have long been undermining the present system, and in the strikes and fighting of the workers we can see the current of action working with the current of thought to produce one of the greatest changes the world has ever seen.

The eighteenth-century philosophers proclaimed the sovereignty of reason, faith in the ability and goodness of human nature—corrupted, they declared, by the institutions that had reduced man to servitude, but, nevertheless, certain to regain its qualities when it had reconquered liberty—and opened new vistas to the mind of man. They proclaimed the equality of men, without distinction of birth, and demanded that all should be subject to the same laws, and free to labor as free men. They demanded the abolition of feudal taxes and services, and so paved the way in men's minds for the downfall of the regime.

But this alone would not have sufficed to cause the outbreak of the Revolution. There was still the stage of passing from theory to action, from the conception of an ideal to putting it into practice. And the most important point in the study of the history of that period is to bring into relief the circumstances that made it possible for the French nation, at a given moment, to enter on the realisation of the ideal—to attempt this passage from ideal to realisation. Kropotkin might almost be imagined to be describing the present passage of mankind from Capitalism to economic freedom. The same preliminary insurrections and skirmishes are leading up to the downfall of capitalism as led to the French Revolution, and one has only to read Kropotkin's book to realise how near we are to a great transforming event.

And just as the clergy and aristocracy were blind to the signs which preceded the French Revolution, continuing their robberies and debaucheries to the last moment, so to-day are the clergy and aristocracy quite deaf and blind to the murmurings and signs of the fall of capitalism.

The rulers of Britain are engaged in a sham fight of the question as to which class of exploiters shall rule—lords or commons, while the people of action, the workers are engaging in preliminary skirmishes prior to the final and decisive battle.

The rulers of all countries—and especially those of Britain, are seeking by force to repress the growth of the ideal, and by their use of force are adding to the growth of and stimulating the very force they are trying to repress and curtail. They are like engineers who sit on a safety-valve while the fireman are vigorously stoking below. They are not quite alive to their own danger.

To read Kropotkin's book is to understand the signs of the times, to be forewarned and prepared for the greatest event that will probably happen for hundreds of years, an event besides which all discovery and invention will pale into insignificance, and one which will transform the world from a slough of exploitation and despond, to a beautiful home of a free and happy humanity.

Few living men have done so much as Peter Kropotkin to bring about the coming change, but in the 610 pages of "The Great French Revolution," he has crowned with glory a noble career, and in view of his present illness one cannot help wishing that all over the world the sales of his book may be enough to gladden the heart of the "grand old man."

To be obtained from Literature Secretary, 8s posted.

A bar of gold fell on the right foot of Jeremiah Clifton on the steamer Winifred. He was taken to Sydney Hospital.

Get subscribers for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth, Good God! we have paid it in full!

Darcy Douglass, whilst bringing a load of timber from Richmond to Gross Vale, used the whip, when one of the horses kicked him on the leg, breaking both bones above the ankle.

F. McCabe, jockey, was injured while riding in a race at Flemington, Melbourne.

A miner, William Gullidge, was killed by a fall of stone in the South Blocks mine, Broken Hill.

The body of Richard Perkins, lately an employee at the Gladesville Asylum was washed up on the rocks at Chiswick wharf, Parramatta River.

William Joseph Brown, a wharf-laborer, was unloading sugar from a vessel lying at the C.S.R. Company's wharf, Pyrmont, when a mishap occurred to the winch, and about 16 bags of sugar fell on him, inflicting internal injuries.

The Empire is saved—Mr. Fisher has expressed himself as greatly impressed with the king's grasp of imperial affairs and interest in the Dominions.

There is no microbe of Republicanism in Andy Fisher's blood any more. He has been spoken to by the king and the queen, who gave him "a message for Australia."

It doesn't matter what crime a man is charged with in the Sydney courts now, all he has to do is to prove that he is connected with some aristocratic British family—and he'll escape all danger of riding Darlinghurst-wards in Black Maria.

Mrs. Bogue-Luffman has taken to writing fiction for the *Loan Hand*, in addition to talking it on the Liberal platform.

"No weak thing is respected," says Lord Charles Beresford. That's why the Bristol ruling never respect the rights of weaker nations—especially if the said nations count gold mines or other profit-giving possibilities among their assets.

Tom Mann declares that the present strikes in Britain are a move in the direction of industrial solidarity, as opposed to sectional trade unionism.

Dancing.

MEMBERS and friends of the Party are notified that a weekly Dance will be held at Leigh House (top floor) every Tuesday evening from September 5th.

Good Floor. Good Music. Efficient M.C. Funds in aid of the "Party Premises Fund."

International Socialist Club.

WILL all those having any Band Instruments in their possession, the property of the Club, return same without delay.

K. G. DRUHMEI, Secretary.

Propaganda Fixtures.

NEWTOWN, 26th.—Young, Aekling, Blumenthal, Walsh.
BALMAIN, 26th.—Johnson (chair), Riley, Shade.
DOMAINE, Sunday, 27th.—Blumenthal (chair), Shade, Walsh.
GOULBURN-ST.—Tracy, Joulson, Grant, Shade.
MARKET-ST.—Fulham, Blumenthal, Rutherford.
BATHURST-ST.—Young, Whitmore, Chambers, Riley.

International Socialist Club.

A celebration in memory of Ferdinand Lassalle, the founder of the German working class movement, will be held at Club Rooms by Club and Party, on Saturday, Sept. 2nd, at 3 p.m. Speeches, songs, recitations, Liedertafel. All Socialists invited.

K. G. DRUHMEI, Sec.

Committee and General Meetings.

THE following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Thursday, 7—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

International Socialist Club.

THE next monthly meeting of the above Club will be held on Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8 p.m.

Business important. Members are asked to make themselves financial.

K. G. DRUHMEI, Secretary.

How to do it. Get subs. for

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Official Organ of Revolutionary Socialism in N.S.W.

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(Affiliated with the International Socialist Bureau, Brussels.)
General Secretary: H. E. HOLLAND.

Socialist Federation of Australasia: Sydney Branch.

Headquarters: 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.
General meeting, every alternate Tuesday, 8 p.m.
Executive meeting, every Monday, 8 p.m.
Sunday Meetings—Domain, 3; Market-st., Bathurst-st., Goulburn-street, 7.30.
Subscription, 1s a month; married couples, 6d each.
Country residents desirous of becoming members are invited to communicate with the Secretary.
Secretary: J. BLUMENTHAL.

New Zealand Socialist Party: Auckland Branch.

Headquarters: Federal Hall, Wellesley-st., Auckland, N.Z. Open every evening till 10.
Secretary: M. J. SAVAGE.
Sunday Meetings—Queen's Wharf, 3 p.m.; corner Wellesley and Queen-streets, 6.45 p.m.
LECTURES in Opera House every Sunday at 7.30.
Lecturer: H. SCOTT BENNETT.

S.F.A., Broken Hill Branch.

Headquarters: Krantz's Buildings, Sulphide-st., off Argyle-st. General meeting, Sunday, 10.30 a.m. Economic Class, Friday, 7.30 p.m. Lecture, Sunday evening.
Secretary: E. V. COGAN.

S.F.A., South Australian Branch.

Headquarters: Wakefield-st., Adelaide.
LECTURES in Socialist Hall, Wakefield-st., every Sunday evening.
MEETINGS in Botanic Park every Sunday at 3.
Secretary: J. BRYAN.

S.F.A., Lithgow Branch.

Chairman: B. SCULLY.
Secretary: T. Atkinson, c/o G. Little, Oakley Park, Lithgow.

S.F.A., Port Pirie Branch.

Headquarters: Ellen-st., Port Pirie.
Meetings every Monday night.
C. Cesare, sec. pro tem. F. Price, Chairman.

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Liedertafel meets weekly for practice.

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